

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVERHOLDERS."

VOL. 4.—NO. 33.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 189.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is Edited by BENJAMIN N. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No Union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an Abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true-lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet, and subscribers may take their choice of the following.

TERMS.

\$1.50 per annum, if paid within the first 6 months of the subscriber's year.

If paid before three months of the year has expired, a deduction of 25 cents will be made, reducing the price to \$1.25.

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To any person wishing to examine the character of the paper, it will be furnished 6 months, for 50 cents in advance to all others 75 cents will be charged.

No deviation from these terms.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNARD.

From the A. S. Standard.

Mr. Clay as an Abolitionist—Second

Appearance in Fifty Years.

American politics have presented no more singular phenomenon than the popularity of Henry Clay. As Napoleon seems to be the fashionable nickname now, one being the Napoleon of Peace, another of Finance, and a third of Magnetic Telegraphing, we may call him the Napoleon of Defeat. He has achieved more signal successes than any other statesman in the country. His popularity has never struck down any deep root into the heart of the people. Old Hickory, who put a great deal of straightforward sense into very crooked spelling, who hanged the Bank as he had hanged Ambrose in Florida, who bullied France, who dragged South Carolina, and swore by the Eternal now and then, had a far stronger hold upon the masses because he reflected them more truly. But Clay somehow conjured an enthusiasm into merchants and cotton-spinners. He found and had a way to set on fire, the hearts of Banks and Brokers' Boards. Though a slaveholder, uttering sentiments which would have authorized his own chattels to cut his throat, he was the idol of those whose enthusiasm for freedom is multiplied by the square of the distance at which the struggle for it takes place.—Though not immaculate in private character, he attracted to himself the support of the religious classes. Bible, Tract, Missionary, and Magdalen societies were well nigh unanimous for him. Washington was the Jerusalem and he the Godfrey of a new Crusade. Was not all this because he was the genius of Compromises, of middle courses, of blowing neither hot nor cold, in short of the American system? Whatever the cause, the loyalty to him has no parallel except in the history of the House of Stuart.—In this view it becomes poetical. As a forlorn hope, as a devotion to disinterested defeat, it has gained, here and there, a recruit from a different order of minds. Whittier addressed to him the most poetical of modern political verses. And even now, as Hogg wrote Jacobite songs, after the last of the Stuarts had years been laid in his mockery tomb at Rome, Greeley turns sadly away from the solid Rough and Ready pudding, to sup full of the east wind of long ago hopeless hopes, and to compose cold water dithyrambs to the patriarch sitting over his wine at the St. Charles Hotel.

The Whigs have at last grown weary of the attempt to make bricks without straw out of their Clay. The wreck of the great Western politician lies a weather-beaten beacon upon the shore of Compromise. Ships of larger rate and stouter timber are thumping shore which might be got off by backing the sails and throwing overboard a little constitutional ballast, which, among other disadvantages, has the prime one of shifting.

Mr. Clay has been the most unpolitic of politicians. He has made at best, on

such coasting voyages, hugging the shore closely all the while. He has never struck out into the open deep of great principle, for his navigation is not by compass or by the eternal stars, but like that of other fishermen who venture in their own private bories, by certain landmarks on the shore, such, for example, as the White House. A fog leaves him bewildered with a pair of arms and oars, and his good or bad luck, as it may happen.

Mr. Clay has in his time split as many hairs as another, and, as Alexander ordered a bushel of peas to the dexterous pea shooter, the Whig Party, in giving their will of the wisp-leader the mission, should have been careful that it was a hair-one. His philanthropy embraced all races, but embraced the African with a difference—that is, with a hand-cuff. He was a republican of the sternest pattern, but who could conceive of a republican blacking his own boots? Indeed we think it would be hard to prove that Cincinnati, the favorite sample of that sort, ever did anything of the kind. He was willing to allow that Slavery was a moral and political evil to both master and slave, but were not his chancels fat and sleek? He was opposed to the annexation of Texas, but then—he was in favor of it. He was torn by conflicting emotions. Northwardly he was *anti*, southwardly he was *pro*. He was opposed to the Mexican war, but would have relished slaughtering his private Mexican in a humble way. On the question of the Wilmot proviso, we suppose, he would be against the extension of Slavery into new territory, but would be in favor of it. He was torn by conflicting emotions.

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The truth is that Mr. Clay's letter is disgraceful to the community in which it is written. We admit that deliberation will necessarily, without any precaution of ours, characterize the movement of large masses of men living under a long established social system, provided they are begun early enough, and are made in accordance with the spirit of the age.—For example, if the slaves of Kentucky were liberated to-morrow and relieved from every political disability, the question of their position in the social order would settle itself by the slow and gradual operation of natural causes. A social wrong, based originally upon brute force, and perpetuated by it, may be reached and remedied by legislation, and the sooner the better. Why wait for the rust to eat handcuffs asunder, when there is a key ready to unlock them? We concede to Mr. Clay that deliberation should characterize Statesmen no less than States. The rudder which determines the direction of the intellectual or ethical advancement of any age may be behind it, as in a vessel. But the steersman at the wheel is in front, and with a clear outlook forward. Mr. Clay's notion of the duty of the man at the helm seems to be that he should be keeping his balance astride of an empty cask, out of sight, in the rear of the ship.

We shall not trouble ourselves with an analysis of a document which all our readers will probably read for themselves. The spirit of barbarism which distinguishes it, would alone be a sufficient argument in condemnation of a system which could so blunt the sensibilities of an originally fine nature, and obscure the perceptions of a keen and quick intellect. The Letter is valuable chiefly as a curiosity and as a sign of the times. It is the unwilling creasing of a rusty political weathercock which begins to feel the first indications of wind from a new quarter. One thing is very certain. It is not of such material that reforms are made. Here is compromise uncompromised, and terms offered to the devil such as he would not have dared to ask. Here is wrong to be treated on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, but with no homoeopathic dose. The poor slave if he escape being sold out of the State, and if he survive the thirty-nine years administration of hairs of the dog that bit him prescribed by Mr. Clay, is to be transported to a fever manufactory at his own expense.

The medical history of the human mind exhibits many instances of sufficiently ludicrous hallucinations. Men have fancied themselves to be teapots, junk bouties, and what not. Lord Timotheus had a penchant for considering himself dead, and we have known those who took it for granted that they were alive with as little substantial foundation in fact. But we have never met with any vagary of mental assumption more preposterous than that Mr. Clay should suppose himself an Abolitionist.

His letter reminds one of Governor Panza's dinner in the island of Barataria. The preparations for the meal seem satisfactory enough, and we sit down expecting a substantial repast. But, one by one, the dishes are whisked away from us, and we are finally left to make such an arrangement with our importunate appetites as the assets left to us in the shape of knife, fork, and napkin will admit of.

We have no complaint to make of the three or four introductory paragraphs.—Mr. Clay treats all the nonsense about the benefits of Slavery contemptuously enough. But he immediately proceeds to consider the question with sole reference to the presumed advantage of the white race. He takes the case out of the court of conscience where alone it can be decided absolutely and without appeal, and puts it at the mercy of the never-ending litigation of political economy. If there be no moral wrong in the robbery of one half of the community by the other half, the problem of the advantages

of such a system would meet with a very different solution from each moiety respectively. But, if the system be wicked, and unprofitable because that is one necessary condition of wickedness, the chances of prolonged debate are greatly lessened.

Even after taking it for granted that emancipation is for the interest of Kentucky, Mr. Clay humbly concedes by saying that if the majority decide against him, he shall submit. The majority of the people of the United States have several times decided against Mr. Clay, and yet he has shown no bashful reluctance to being again a candidate. "Think your flint and try again," was his motto a few years ago. Is a question which concerns the work of the Spirit of God; but the fruits of evil and thirst for gold, obtained by oppression, and does not belong to the kingdom or laws of the Prince of Peace and righteousness; but does belong to this wicked world, and all those who approve and fellowship the oppression, are partakers of their evil deeds. You wrote in a former letter that you had no hand in bringing the negroes into this country, &c. I agree to that—yet by your agreeing to and approving their doings, and continuing in the oppressive traffic, you refuse to obey the command of God, "Break the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke." Isa. 58: 6. Corresponding with this, is our rule given by our divine Lawgiver, Mark 10: 43.

Now, if they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles, exercise lordship over them, and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so, it shall not be among you!" Is not this a prohibition of this tyranny, oppression and traffic in the kingdom and church of Christ? And to think of Christians buying and selling their brethren and sisters in the church, and depriving them of all civil, social, conjugal and religious enjoyment, &c. It is to be hoped that Cincinnati, the favorite sample of that sort, ever did anything of the kind. He was willing to allow that Slavery was a moral and political evil to both master and slave, but were not his chancels fat and sleek?

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"So say, if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets, wherefore ye are witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets, and do approve of their deeds," by following their practice and example.

"My son, which do you think would be the most diabolical, to open a market to buy and sell stolen goods, cattle and horses, or

to buy and sell stolen men, women and children? My son, the first of those you

and the world would disapprove, and by the laws of the States, would punish the offenders; but the last you justify, and try to defend as a Christian and Bible right and privilege?

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

COMMUNICATED.

Government a Voluntary Society.

crowd, and with all a mother's anguish depicted in her countenance, she was watching the sale of her children, as one by one they found an owner and were taken from her, to go she knew not whither. I could not repress the tear of sympathy as I looked upon her, and remembered, too, that this scene was one of every day occurrence in this fair land. I may possibly be laughed at for my sensibility, by those who think the slave almost desitute of humanity; but I saw enough in the hour I stood there to show that they are not the soulless beings they are sometimes represented. Would to heaven they were, for then they would not feel the wrongs which are so cruelly heaped upon them. I fancied many in the crowd looked ashamed of the transaction in which they were engaged. An Abolition lecture was not intended on this, my first introduction to your readers, and I forbear.

The Slave Trade.

A letter recently received from a gentleman on the coast of Brazil gives a gloomy picture of the horrid traffic in human beings which is carried on by the merchants and government of the Brazilian Empire, many of our own people (American) being also engaged, it is believed, in the same despicable business:

"Our present duty on this station is the humane one of watching and searching American vessels fitted out for the coast of Africa from this port, and suspected of being engaged in the slave-trade, in which hellish traffic a large number of vessels under the American flag are engaged. Yes, this damnable traffic in human souls, the details of which in all its horrors would actually make your life-blood curdle in your veins, is carried on with the most perfect impunity under the stars and stripes—the ensign of liberty and human rights—but whose broad folds are prostituted to the base purpose of shielding and protecting the inhuman tyrant in daily enacting the most revolting of human crimes. True, our government, in its philanthropy, enacted a statute against any American citizen engaging in this trade, and whosoever so engaged shall suffer death. But the same law which denounces it as piracy, legalizes every article that is trafficked for slaves.

"The law says, that any vessel suspected of being engaged in this proscribed trade may be remanded for trial. Now, every vessel that clears for the coast from this port is suspected of being engaged in the trade, and justly too, for nine-tenths of them, directly or indirectly, are engaged in the traffic; which fact is notorious. Now, what proof have we to bring forward, before a court of admiralty, to justify us in arresting her (bound as she is to a lawful port, with a cargo on board, testified to by the American consul,) as a slaver? Mere suspicion will not condemn her—nothing but positive proofs of the fact of that being her object. And those proofs she does not present within herself. No officer of the navy is stupid enough to send vessels home as slaves under these circumstances, when he is held personally responsible for all damages accruing from the arrest and detention of the vessel, in the event of her not being condemned.

"American vessels engaged in this trade outnumber the vessels of all other nations put together—and are chartered at much higher prices by slave-dealers, as they are not subject to the right of search by the British, who swarm the African coast, you know—and our laws are totally insufficient and inadequate, in the great majority of cases, to their condemnation; and so vessels sailing under our flag, being the more safe, are much more desirable.

"The whole law in reference to this trade is a farce, and the sooner it is abrogated the better; as the demands of the slave market here will be supplied in defiance of all laws, as long as the trade continues so profitable as it is—when men can make fortunes in a few trips. And, in fact, these penal enactments enhanced the value of the slave, in proportion to the risk run in carrying on the trade, and renders it the more profitable, as none but the most daring engage in it; and, from want of competition, the supply is not greater than the demand. If one vessel in three returns safe, they are satisfied and well remunerated.

"To show you the horrors attendant on this commerce in human beings, I was assured by a slave-dealer himself, that some time ago, a Brazilian vessel had taken a cargo of slaves on the eastern coast of Africa, and before he had got on board his provisions and water, he was discovered and pursued by an English man-of-war, chased off the coast, and prevented from returning. His provisions and water on board were not more than sufficient for himself and crew—the hatchets leading to the negroes were fastened down and secured against being forced—and the vessel came into this port with 800 human carcasses in her hold, presenting a spectacle the relation of which caused even him to shudder, injured as he was to human suffering and hideous sights. But there is a fearful retribution at hand; for the time will come, and that not far distant, unless slavery is here abolished, or very much mitigated, when this beautiful land will be steeped with the blood of thousands of victims of all ages and sexes—and the untried and savage African will remain possessor of the soil. Fears are daily entertained of systematic revolts throughout the provinces."

REVENUE.—The custom revenue at all the ports of the United States for the months of January and February, is only a fraction under five millions, three hundred thousand dollars.

very different operations in the works of Creation and Providence. So different, often, that even the wires of the electric telegraph would hardly be sufficient to connect their extreme ends! Better be careful, then!

The reason why the law considers men citizens immediately on their arriving at the age of 21, is because it supposes that then of course they will vote. But if they do not, if some of them are so wise as to think it wrong to do so—if any of them have qualms of conscience in view of swearing to support a constitution, absolutely *steeped in slavery*—or if a few of them are so simple in their "over much righteousness," as to think it degrading to their humanity even to belong to the Society of the pirate man-thieves—why, then, the law-makers were mistaken—the law "reckoned without its host"—that's all. Many another shrewd thing beside the law, hath made just such mistakes!

But if there could be any doubt in the case of Monarchs, there certainly can be none with regard to Republican forms. A Republic is a government of the people by themselves—that is, a Society of *self-governors*. But it is absurd to say, that participation in such a government can be anything but voluntary. The people choose their own rulers, make their own laws, execute their own regulations, and administer every department of their own government—all of their own free will. Every step in the whole process is voluntary.

Not only are governments of individuals voluntary, but Confederacies, or governments of States, are so likewise. Nay, they are far more so. The Thirty Confederate States of the North American Union, therefore, are a voluntary Society. The "Old Thirteen" were so, in the first place. They were free to confederate or not, just as they chose. They need not to have formed any Union at all. And when a Union was formed, any particular one or ones of those States need not have joined it. In fact, North Carolina and Rhode Island for a long time did not join it, and it was even doubtful whether they ever would. And even after they had joined, or after New York and Massachusetts had done so, they might any or all of them "upon the second thought," have concluded that they had made a bad bargain and walked out again. And so with the seventeen States that have joined the Union since. They have all joined voluntarily—not one has been compelled—not one but might have stood aloof till this day. And not one but ought to have done so.

The Union, then, can be dissolved. States made it, and they can unmake it. They joined it, and they can leave it. They can leave it as well as individuals can leave any other Society. The Fifteen Northern States can leave it in a Body; or Four of them, the Buckeye, the Keystone, the Empire, and the Bay, can go off together; or One of them can go off alone. The Fifteen can come out and form another Union; New England can come out and form a small Union; or Ohio can come out and stand by herself, *without* any Union—that is, she can come out and set up an independent Nation, with 2,000,000 of inhabitants. And the "Old Thirteen" all put together, had only 3,000,000 when they left Great Britain. There is no difference between a State and a nation, unless it is supposed that the latter has more inhabitants, and is consequently more respectable than the former. Let Ohio become a Sovereign Nation, then!

And not only can States walk out of the Union, but *individuals* can. States make the Union, and individuals the States; by leaving the States, then, they will leave the Union—that is, the *connection of every individual man in the whole nation*, with the Union, is voluntary. He is a citizen of the Union, or not, just as he pleases. He is a member of the national government, or not, just as he takes a notion. True, he is a subject of it, *without* taking a notion to be. He is a subject because he can not help himself. But the words *subject* and *citizen*, are not synonymous. Do not confound them. A citizen is a *voluntary member* of the government. Non-Resistance another branch of Abby Kelley! It is this false and ungrounded expression that I would expose. Not that I repudiate the doctrine of Non-Resistance, or consider it unworthy the advocacy of Disunionists; but what should worse *the* vindication of every true Disunionist, are the efforts of men to vomit out upon Disunionism whatever appears repugnant to *their* sense of consistency. If there be any such thing as wickedness or voluntary sin, then certainly that ecclesiastic to whom I have already referred, must be grossly wicked in declaring what he knew to be a glaring and positive falsehood, after having almost immediately invoked the aid of heaven to enable him to promulgate truth in its purity. I cannot see what man can enter into the composition of his nature to prompt him to display such unbounded hostility to truth and humanity. The probability is, that it is caused by seeing that *co-conspirators* are not so much opposed to mental freedom as to prohibit men from embracing Non-Resistance—a degree in the scale of Christianity to which his resenting propensity will not permit him to ascend.—What egregious folly and fanaticism, what a display of insatiable depravity and inquiry for professing Christians, avowed exponents of Godly truth, to declare that which militates so powerfully against conscience, to abandon all regard of God by suppressing truth, merely for the purpose of stigmatizing

those whom they dislike, and against whom they are so clamorous in crying infidel for extending the mercies of a slaveholding God to the down-trodden victims of a man-destroying and tyrannical church.

Why do not churches term all their members horse-thieves and assassins, because a certain horse thief and assassin (John A. Murrell,) once went about preaching the gospel under church discipline? And why do not ministers in general term the whole laity retrogressive, because a few laymen have deviated from their established standard of Christianity? They should do so, since they are so ready to denounce as infidels all who embrace Non-Resistance, just because some Non-Resistant—C. C. Burleigh or H. C. Wright, for instance—embraces Disunion, which they falsely term infidelity. Men are called infidels because they are Non-Resistant—Non-Resistants because they are Disunionists; and vice versa: thus making one doctrine the hobby of another, making God the author of their antipathies, excluding all reason, and presenting a scene of confusion and folly from which humanity recoils with indignation. With such incoherencies as these, the clergy of our land are actually chargeable, and the bigoted devotees of narrow-minded sectarianism will sit supinely and cry amen. And to what must we attribute these heaven-robbing deeds? Can it be that they are the result of intellectual obtuseness, or mental stupidity, or must they be imputed to voluntary depravity?

JOSEPH TREAT.

Non-Resistance another branch of Abby Kelleyism.

FRIENDS EDITORS:

As yours is a paper dedicated to the cause of universal freedom, and is hostile to human tyranny in whatever form it is displayed, I request permission through its columns to expose the glaring injustice of attempting to make Disunionism the depository for doctrines, advocated by Disunionists relative to different subjects. So gross is the moral darkness, so obscured the mental vision, or else so voluntary must be the depravity of particular classes of community, that they are disposed to brand co-conspirators with infidelity, delusion, atheism, and every thing which they call heterodoxy, solely because they are Disunionists and espouse Disunion principles; as if an aversion to the pro-slavery government, and secession therefrom, together with an utter disconcernment of madding churches and hoodwinking priests, had the least shadow of relevancy to the question of deciding whether there is a God, or whether the fundamentals of the scripture are well grounded, or its doctrines worthy of credence.

In listening recently to a pulpit declamation by a vociferous clerical bombast, I was forcibly impressed with the truth, that the most brawling devotees of sectarian religion, are the vilest enemies of truth, when I heard it affirmed by him that Non-Resistance is another branch of Abby Kelleyism, using the latter term as synonymous with Disunionism. He spoke derogatorily of the doctrine of Non-Resistance, perhaps because it condemns the course he has been pursuing so zealously in prosecuting men for retaining their hats upon their heads when his bare-headed religion and supercilious self-majesty demanded they should be removed. And it was while vindicating, or attempting to vindicate his character against the charges which he apprehended had been brought against it, that he virtually declared it to be right to compel men to do right; thus presupposing that the predominant party is always in the right and the weaker in the wrong, and incapable of judging between right and wrong; thus upholding a system of mental tyranny, the demoralizing tendency of which is as palpable as its advocates are ignorant and depraved.

I wish to revert to the principle of abusing a doctrine by heaping upon it apparent errors which legitimately flow from other sources. Non-Resistance another branch of Abby Kelleyism! It is this false and ungrounded expression that I would expose. Not that I repudiate the doctrine of Non-Resistance, or consider it unworthy the advocacy of Disunionists; but what should worse *the* vindication of every true Disunionist,

are the efforts of men to vomit out upon Disunionism whatever appears repugnant to *their* sense of consistency. If there be any such thing as wickedness or voluntary sin, then certainly that ecclesiastic to whom I have already referred, must be grossly wicked in declaring what he knew to be a glaring and positive falsehood, after having almost immediately invoked the aid of heaven to enable him to promulgate truth in its purity. I cannot see what man can enter into the composition of his nature to prompt him to display such unbounded hostility to truth and humanity. The probability is, that it is caused by seeing that *co-conspirators* are not so much opposed to mental freedom as to prohibit men from embracing Non-Resistance—a degree in the scale of Christianity to which his resenting propensity will not permit him to ascend.—What egregious folly and fanaticism, what a display of insatiable depravity and inquiry for professing Christians, avowed exponents of Godly truth, to declare that which militates so powerfully against conscience, to abandon all regard of God by suppressing truth, merely for the purpose of stigmatizing

those whom they dislike, and against whom they are so clamorous in crying infidel for extending the mercies of a slaveholding God to the down-trodden victims of a man-destroying and tyrannical church.

But how changed! If they take a stand against slavery now, which is seldom done, they have not got a man among them that will publish it, and lo! they have to send it to the infidel "Bugle." They take the "Gospel Proclamation," and "Millennial Harbinger," but they are all dumb for the poor slave.—Hear what Alexander Campbell wrote twenty-four years since, in what he called "A Looking Glass for the Clergy." (See "Christian Baptist," pages 2 and 3.)

"Be ye mindful not to offend the people. Rebuke ye not their sins; but when ye so rebuke sin, rebuke it at a distance, and let no man apply your sayings to his own case, so shall he not be offended. If a Brother shall raise up the banner of war against a Brother, and Christian against Christian, rebuke him not; but be some of you on one side, and some on the other side; and tell the one host that God is on his side, and the other host that he is on his side, so make them bold to kill; and even among swords and lances let your black robes be seen.—Preach ye not peace on earth and good will to men, but preach ye glory to the victor, and victory to the brave.

"If any man shall go into a foreign land and seize upon his fellow man, and put iron on his hands and feet, and bring him across the great deep into bondage—say if he tear asunder the dearest ties of nature, that tenderest leaguer of the human heart—if he tear the wife from the husband and force the struggling infant from its mother's bleeding breast, rebuke him not. And although he sells them in foreign slavery to toil beneath the lash all their days, tell him not that his doings are of Anti-Christ, for lo! he is rich, and giveth unto the Church, and is esteemed pious; so shall ye not offend him, lest perchance he withdraw from the flock. And lo! ye shall bind the judgments of men, and more especially of women, as with a band of iron, and ye shall make them blind in the midst of light, even as the owl is blind in the noon day sun; and behold ye shall lead them captive at your Reverend wills."

We will leave it to the careful observer to say, whether this is not now being fulfilled; and whether Alexander Campbell had not best look in the glass himself.

BETSEY REED.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, APRIL 6, 1849.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL, WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS." Edmund Burke.

57 Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

RALPH, March 18th, 1849.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I was somewhat amused in reading in the Bugle the reception of Zachary Taylor at Louisville, Ky., on his way to Washington. I think it was some Presbyterian ladies who presented him with the Bible and American Constitution bound together. The council of Constance, (which sat in 1414 until 1418,) I think it was, which decided that the books now bound together should be canonical;—The Council of Philadelphia, which sat in 1787, decided that the Constitution of the United States should be of authority; and so it is, that the good people of Louisville, Ky., have bound them together, and have presented them to their "President elect," "as containing all that is essential to faith and practice." Truly the superscription stamped upon our coin, I mean the "E Pluribus Unum," is fulfilled. I did not learn at which end of the book the Constitution took its place, though probably at the last; being of higher authority with most of the people than any other document, human or divine. It strikes me that our pro-slavery clergy of this country could induce the Bible societies to strike off several thousand copies for the special benefit of those who regard "the powers that be as ordained of God"; I would suggest some references, say from Deut. 25: 15, to the rendition article, with a note, stating that the Jewish law is repeated by this article of the Constitution. Cursethe Canaan, (Gen. 9: 25,) with numerous other passages, could readily then find a verification under the sanction of the Constitution. Romans, 13th chapter, could be explained by reference to the articles relating to the Executive and the Congress, when they "declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal." By-the-by, I do not entertain an high an opinion of the council of Constance or of Philadelphia, as many do; some of the first deeds which they of Constance did, if informed aright, was to burn Jerome of Prague and John Huss, and obtain from Germany some two hundred concubines for their use while living.

This meeting having reason to apprehend that divers under our name are concerned in the unchristian traffic in negroes,

doth recommend it earnestly to the care of Friends every where to discourage, as much as in them lies, a practice so repugnant to our christian profession, and to deal with all such as shall persevere in a conduct so repulsive to Christians; and to disown them if they desist not therefrom."

In 1763—two years afterward—they extended this rule of Discipline to all who

should aid or abet the trade in any manner.

The first petition presented to Parliament

asking for the abolition of the African slave

trade, emanated from the London Yearly Meeting.

That body also printed and circu-

lated various publications upon the subject,

and took especial pains to introduce them to the Legislators of the land, and into the schools and academies.

The agitation thus commenced continued to spread—the fires of liberty then lighted burned brighter and brighter; and the labors of early Friends for the abolition of the slave-trade, laid a broad

platform upon which their successors stood,

and manfully battled for the destruction of British colonial slavery, and triumphed, as their fathers had triumphed over the traffic in negroes.

Although the society was thus active in its official capacity, Friends, as individuals,

were not content to remain idle.

They felt that the work was one that called upon them to put forth every energy, to exert themselves in every possible way for its furtherance;

and accordingly so early as 1783 they formed an association—the first ever organized in England—for the promotion of this cause.

Their first meeting was held in July of that year,

when—as the record states—"they assembled to consider what steps they should take

for the relief and liberation of the negro slaves in the West Indies, and for the dis-

couragement of the slave-trade upon the coast of Africa."

This society made the press an efficient agent; they scattered their publications far

and wide; gained access to many of the public papers, and appointed their members

in turn to write for them.

Their example stimulated others to good deeds, and four

years afterward another association was orga-

nized composed of both Churchmen and

Dissenters, "who," says Clarkson, "forgot

their differences of religious opinions, and

joined their hands all over the kingdom in its support."

Friends, believing that greater

good could be effected by a union of all the

opponents of the slave trade, were not back-

ward in joining the last formed association;

and having had considerable experience in

the kind of labor that was needed, were

warmly welcomed as able and efficient co-

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

Friends. And it was this committee, which, laboring under Wilberforce as a parliamentary head, was enabled after many struggles to effect—so far as England was concerned—the abolition of the African slave-trade.—Thomas Clarkson bears the following testimony in regard to the principles and zeal, the intelligence and efficiency of Friends in relation to this matter.

"We see that every Quaker born since the year 1787, was nourished, as it were, in a fixed hatred against it. He was taught that any concern in it was a crime of the deepest dye. He was taught that the bearing of his testimony against it, was a test of unity with those of the same religious profession. The Discipline of the Quakers was therefore a school for bringing them up as advocates for the abolition of this trade. To this it may be added, that the Quakers knew more about the trade, and the slavery of the Africans, than any other religious body of men who had not been in the land of their sufferings. For there had been a correspondence between the society in America and that in England on the subject, the contents of which must have been known to the members of each.—American ministers were also frequently crossing the Atlantic on religious missions to England. These, when they traveled thro' various parts of our island, frequently related to the Quaker families in their way, the cruelties they had seen and heard of in their own country. English ministers were also frequently going over to America on the same religious errand. These, on their return, seldom failed to communicate what they had learned and observed, but more particularly relative to the oppressed African in their travels. Thus situated in point of knowledge, and brought up moreover from their youth in a detestation of the trade, the Quakers were ready to act whenever a favorable opportunity should present itself."

American Citizenship.

We learn from the "New York Tribune" that a question has been raised in the United States Department of State, which is of great importance to a certain class of our population, and which could not possibly have arisen in any other government. The question is, "Who are American Citizens?"

It appears that application was made for passports by some colored citizens of New York, and their request was refused because of their complexion; the reply of the Passport Clerk being, that under such circumstances passports were never granted.

We happen to know the Clerk is mistaken, for passports have been given to at least one colored citizen of Philadelphia. It is true, there was some difficulty in this case, for in return to his application he received some kind of a certificate affirming his citizenship, not a regular passport, but something the clerk regarded as good enough for a negro.—This was indignantly returned through a prominent lawyer, who was an acquaintance and fellow-townsmen of the applicant, and a passport demanded, which was subsequently made out in the regular form.

But the government probably now feels stronger in the faith of Calhoun than it did then, or rather, that there is less need of occasionally making a trifling concession to the rights of the North. No one ought to be sorry to have it exhibit all the devilishness it has in it, for the sooner its true character is known, the sooner it will have to give place to a better.

This act of refusing passports to colored citizens, though it may be regarded by some as a trifling affair, virtually deprives all colored persons in this country of nationality, throws them off, and proclaims them the free subjects for plunder and outrage—having no country to defend their rights, no government to whose protection they can appeal. The "Kentuckian," is, in the main so truthful and sensible, that it would be well for all who hate slavery, but oppose Disunion, to consider well its positions, and to re-examine the ground upon which they themselves stand.

The "Kentuckian," is opposed to the pro-

That Report.

Can the "Ohio State Journal" inform us whether Dr. Townshend reported upon the Disunion petition that was referred to him; and if so, what action was taken upon the report?

—William Lloyd Garrison has informed Henry Clay that he is dissatisfied with his late letter on Emancipation.

Mr. Clay's letter also displeases Mr. Calhoun and that extensive party which considers itself bound to sneeze when the great South Carolinian takes snuff.—*Tribune.*

What else could be expected? Garrison represents the anti-slavery party of community, and Calhoun the pro-slavery. Clay is neither hot nor cold, and is therefore a neutralizing dose, either to the advocates or opponents of the movement.

SOUTHERN POETRY.—The Charleston (S.C.) News of the 3d inst., contains a poem to Gen. Taylor, commencing thus:

"O glorious Zach, Heaven shield you from disaster!"

Whoever doubts the genius of the South should read the whole poem, if one line is not enough, and he will doubt no longer.—*Pa. Freeman.*

The Freeman should have given the entire poem. We fancy the next line must read, And give all slaves a "rough and ready" master.

Virginia on the Wilmot Proviso.

She begins with becoming solemnity: "The moment to dissolve the Union is one of the highest importance, and may involve the greatest consequences."

That is just our opinion—it will involve the greatest consequences, the least of which will be the final loss of all her slaves. For now she can reclaim them, by law, when they escape into the bordering free States, and all the citizens of those States, except a few fanatics, feel bound by the Constitution to let them alone. But break up the Union and that Constitution, and the moment her slave sets his foot upon the soil of Ohio or Pennsylvania, he is irreclaimably free. The slaves will learn this, and where a desire of liberty now impels hundreds to make their long and difficult way to Canada, it will then induce thousands to make the short and easy leap of her northern frontier. Besides, the people of Pennsylvania and Ohio, no longer restrained by what she is pleased to call the "compact" between the States, would then yield to their natural impulses to invite her negroes to their liberty. And should that embroil her in a war with those Herculean powers, it might be set down as one of the "greatest consequences," which the present movement may involve, without any reference to an invidious and horrible domestic fit that would probably exite to rise up, from her heartstrokes, to stab and fire in the dark.

This withered old grand-dame thus goes on to ent the ridiculous figure of a superannuated belle, who, unmindful that her beauty and power is gone, still thrusts herself forward to be deferred to and followed by her younger and fairer neighbors:

"The eyes of every slave-holding State are upon us. By common consent, our sister States look to Virginia to take the lead in the present momentous crisis."

Yes, madam, the eyes of every slave-holding State are upon you, the eyes of Kentucky, at least, thank God, are upon you; and that is just the apology she has to offer for declining to follow your lead. Did she not see that the end of the course which you have run is a permanent doage, and the loss of all the elements of your ancient supremacy, except your arrogance, possibly, she might not now beg leave to take some other. It is because she perceives, in your downward progress and wretched imbecility, the fatal error of that "principle" for whose sake you call her to rebellion, that she accours your summons.

The above article from the "Podeach Kentuckian," is, in the main so truthful and sensible, that it would be well for all who hate slavery, but oppose Disunion, to consider well its positions, and to re-examine the ground upon which they themselves stand.

The "Kentuckian," is opposed to the position of Virginia to Dissolve the Union in a certain contingency, and why? Because slaves who now take refuge in the free States may be reclaimed by the law and by the Constitution; but if the Union were dissolved, the moment their feet press the soil of Pennsylvania or Ohio, they would be free "irreclaimably" free—a consummation devoutly to be wished, and cheaply purchased by incessant and wearisome toil. Think of this, voters of Ohio, ye who are yearly giving strength to the Union, and swearing fidelity to the Constitution. Learn of the "Kentuckian," and be wise and just. Do that which slavery deoids to have you do—Repudiate the sinful compact by which you have bound yourselves to hold slaves for the South to plunder, and which chains down your "natural impulses to invite the negroes to their liberty."

FOREIGN NEWS.—Among other items of news brought by the Canada, are the following:

Mr. Cobden's motion for a retrenchment of £10,000,000 per annum by the British Government was defeated by a vote of 275 to 78. The tide of government rascality is not to be turned back so easily.

The Bombay Telegraph claims another victory of the British army under Lord Gough, over the Sikhs under Sheer Singh, but confesses a loss of at least 93 officers, 2500 men killed and wounded, 4 guns captured, and 4 or 5 regimental colors taken by the enemy. "Though masters of the field," says this paper, "our laurels are drenched in blood, and it is the

universal opinion that two more such victories would be virtual ruin."

The Russian Imperial Guard, 52,000 strong, has marched from St. Petersburg, which it has not before left since 1831. Its destiny is to overaw the Hungarians, who are still keeping up the war against the Imperial troops of Austria with spirit.

The Pope has been halting between abdication and asking for foreign interference. An intervention of Austria, Spain, and Naples, is announced to restore him to his throne. If they do not succeed the temporal authority of the Pope is forever lost, if they do, we would not give much for his spiritual authority. The cause of truth and humanity, is sure to be the gainer any way.

Sermon of Lucretia Mott.

This servant of humanity recently held a meeting in the Cherry street House, Philadelphia, for the students then in attendance on the lectures at the Medical Schools. The following passage we extract from the sermon preached on the occasion.

It has been my privilege and pleasure to meet with some of you in the Anti-Slavery Rooms. When these have been disposed to come there, though perhaps from mere curiosity, to see what the despised Abolitionist was doing, I have been glad to meet them, and to offer such considerations as would induce a reflection upon the relation which they bear to our fellow beings in their own country and neighborhood. This in view of many, is a subject of delicacy—lightly to be touched. Still it is an essential part of Christianity; and one object in asking your attention this evening, was to offer for your consideration some views connected with it, in the hope that you would at least patiently hear, and "suffer the word of exhortation."

There are many now looking at the subject of Slavery in all its bearings, who are sympathizing with the condition of the poor and oppressed in our land. Although many of you may be more immediately connected with this system, yet it is coming to be regarded as not a mere sectional question, but national and an individual one. It is interwoven throughout our country, in so much with which we have to do, that we may well acknowledge we are all, all "verily guilty concerning our brother." There is, therefore, the greater responsibility that we first examine ourselves and ascertain what there is for us to do in order that we may speedily rid ourselves of the great evil that is clinging to us. *Evil?*—this mighty sin which so easily besets us. There are those here who have had their hearts touched, who have been led to feel and have entered into sympathy with the bondman, and have known where the evil lies. I believe there is a work for you to do, when you return home, if you will be faithful to yourselves. You will be brought more deeply to enter into feeling with the poor and oppressed slave; you will find that the mission of the gospel is "to bind up the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive." It would be a reflection upon the intelligence and the conscience of those who are here, to suppose that they would always resist the wisdom and power with which truth is speaking in their hearts in relation to their duties in this respect.—May you be faithful, and enter into a consideration as to how far you are partakers in this evil, even in other men's sins.—How far, by permission, by apology, or otherwise, you are found lending your sanction to a system which degrades and brutalizes three millions of our fellow beings; which denies the rights of intelligent education, rights essential to them, and which we acknowledge to be dear to us.

Is this an evil that cannot be remedied? A remedy is nigh at hand, even at the door. The voice has been heard saying, "Proclaim ye liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." To this land peculiarly is this language applicable. In this land especially are we called to be faithful in this subject. Be true to your convictions of duty, then, oh my brethren, and you will have the blessing of beholding your own country purged of this iniquity, and be brought to acknowledge that the divine hand of mercy and love has been stretched over our land.

[Here a few persons, irritated by this reference to the question of Slavery, left the meeting.]

It is not strange that the allusion to this subject should create some little agitation among you; and while I can but regret it, I stand here on behalf of the suffering and the dumb, and must express the desire, that there may be a disposition to hear and reflect, and then judge. I speak unto those who have ears to hear, who have hearts to feel. May their understandings not be closed! May they be willing to receive that which conflicts with their education, their prejudices and preconceived opinions. The subject of Slavery you must know, is now agitating the country from one end to the other.—The Church and the Legislative Hall are occupied with its discussion. It will be presented to you in all its various bearings, and let me urge such faithfulness to the light which you have, as shall prepare you to become able advocates for the oppressed. So shall the blessing descend upon you as well as upon those for whom the appeal is made. I should not be true to myself if I did not thus urge this subject upon your consideration. When you have opportunities for meditation and reflection, when your feelings are soothed

over, let me sell you Jacob. He is twenty-six years of age,—a first-rate carpenter and wheelwright—guaranteed free from the vices and maladies provided against by law. How much for Jacob?" He was run up from

the circumstances around you, may you be led to reflect upon your duties, and the responsibility of your position in society.

Ohio and Kentucky.

The following statistics are from an "Address to the people of Kentucky on the subject of Emancipation;" which was prepared by a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of that State:

From the census returns of 1840, we have compiled the following tables:

The amount of capital invested in Manufactures in 1840, as stated in the census, was as follows:

Ohio, \$16,905,957

Kentucky, 5,945,259

Difference in favor of Ohio, \$10,959,998

Nearly three times as much capital invested in Manufactures in Ohio.

Compare the capital invested in Commerce:

Ohio, \$29,900,910

Kentucky, 10,328,301

Difference in favor of Ohio, \$11,577,909

One thousand dollars, and was going for 1,175, when the fat old gentleman offered 1,500, at which he was knocked down. "Now, gentlemen," said the fat man, with deliberation and emphasis, "the 1,200 dollars was my bid, and therefore Jacob is not sold. He is well worth 1,500 dollars." Sancho, a black man, twenty-seven years of age, was the next in order. He was described as "an excellent carpenter—can do anything but fine work,—fully guaranteed free from the maladies and vices provided against by law;" and, as nobody would bid higher, he was also bought in by the fat man at 1,025 dollars. George a black man, twenty-seven years of age, was the next in order. He was described as "an excellent carpenter—can do anything but fine work,—fully guaranteed free from the maladies and vices provided against by law;" and, as nobody would bid higher, he was also bought in by the fat man at 1,025 dollars. George kept his eyes fixed upon the dome, as if he felt a love looking down on the grovelling creatures beneath him. He was a stout built, thick-set man, who evidently felt to the very core the degradation to which he was exposed. "Now, gentlemen, let me sell you George,—a first-rate bricklayer,—bears an excellent character, only he absconded once from his master for a few days. How much do you offer for him?" The bidding began at 600 dollars; but George, like his predecessors, was bought in at 980 by the fat man, who protested him to be worth 1,500. The next was named Squires, who was said to be twenty-eight years of age; but I think he was nearer forty. On his forehead was a deep scar, occasioned by some severe cut. He appeared to be a very good-tempered man, and by his smiling looks seemed to say, "Buy me, and I'll serve you well." "What will you offer for Squires, gentlemen?"—An excellent carpenter,—can trim a house,—all but the very fine work,—bears an excellent character,—is fully guaranteed," &c., &c. "Who bids for Squires?" Poor fellow! he was sold for 900 dollars. John, a black, twenty-five years of age, "an excellent French and American cook," was put up at 600 dollars, and after the usual quantity of the Frenchman's eloquence, fetched 775 dollars, at which price he was knocked down to one Robert Murphy. Silas also, a black boy, fifteen years of age, a house-servant, with a large scar on the right cheek, was sold for 680 dollars to Robert Murphy; who likewise became the purchaser of Scipio, black man, about twenty-four years of age, "an excellent cook, fully warranted in every respect," for 705 dollars. "Now, gentlemen," resumed the green-spectacled auctioneer, stroking his cherished tuft of long black beard,—"now, gentlemen, let me sell you Samson!"—He is twenty-six years of age, an excellent house-servant, guaranteed free, &c. "What do you offer for Samson?"—Poor Samson fell into the hands of the Philistines at 710 dollars. Sam, the next on the list, was not present. Sam was therefore put up. He was a fine buxom young fellow, about twenty-one. His complexion was lighter than that of a Mulatto, and his hair was not at all crisp, but straight, and of a jet black. He was dressed in a good cloth surtout coat, and looked altogether far more respectable and intelligent than most of the bidders. He was evidently a high-minded young man, who felt deeply the insulting position he was made to occupy. Ob! that I could have whispered in his ear a few words of sympathy and comfort!—He stood on the platform firm and erect his eyes apparently fixed on the clock opposite. "Now, gentlemen, what do you offer for Ben?" said the Frenchified salesman; "a first rate tailor—only twenty-one years of age." 700 dollars proved to be the estimated value of this "excellent tailor." Charles was now offered. He was a black man, of great muscular power, said to be twenty-eight years of age. He had, it was admitted, absconded once from his master.

At this intelligence the countenance of the bidder fell. He had evidently gone down at least 20 per cent. in value. Though offered at 300 dollars, however, he rose to 640, at which price he was sold. The "Ladies" were yet to be exhibited. "Elizabeth" was the first who was made to mount the platform.—She was a very gentle-looking girl, about eighteen years of age, evidently the daughter of a white man, and said to be "a good seamstress and house-servant." 600 dollars was the first bid, and 810 the last, at which price (about £170) Elizabeth—so young and so interesting—was sold! "Susan," too, was a mulatto—the daughter of a white man. She was short, dumpy, and full-faced, about sixteen years of age, "a plain seamstress and house-servant." She appeared exceedingly modest, and kept her eyes on the floor, in front of the platform. On the floor, as usual, filthy dealers in human flesh were ever and anon pouring forth immense quantities of tobacco juice.—For Susan, the first bid was 300 dollars, and the highest 700 (£150), at which she was "knocked down." But the fat old man, as before, in his peculiar drawing, nasal tone, said, "The 700 dollars was my bid, and therefore Susan is not sold." Poor Susan was very sad and gloomy. "Buy another 'plain seamstress and house-servant,' about sixteen years of age, also the daughter of a white man, had a fine intelligent eye, and her efforts to restrain her feelings was evidently great. The offers, however, not suit-ing, the auctioneer closed the exhibition, which had lasted over an hour.

"Now, gentlemen, let me sell you Jacob. He is twenty-six years of age,—a first-rate carpenter and wheelwright—guaranteed free from the vices and maladies provided against by law. How much for Jacob?" He was run up from

the circumstances around you, may you be led to reflect upon your duties, and the responsibility of your position in society.

DISASTROUS ACCOUNT FROM FREMONT'S EXPEDITION.—The Independence Republican of the 2d has letters from Taos, Texas, which state that Col. Fremont, while passing through a mountain gorge, lost 130 miles in one night. He was left to make his way with his party on foot. Finding this impossible, he despatched three men to seek a settlement.

These men not returning in 20 days, Fremont started for Taos, 350 miles distant, where he arrived in nine days.—Major Bell immediately despatched a party of dragoons with mules and provisions for the relief of Fremont's party. Col. Fremont was much emaciated.—The sufferings of the party had been very great. They had been forced to the extremity of feeding upon one another. Green, who brings this news, left Santa Fe several days after.

Later reports assert that all Fremont's party perished except the Colonel himself; and he was badly frost-bitten.—Some doubt is expressed as to the authenticity of this intelligence.

—**There are now 156,000 children attending school in Massachusetts, 3,226 of whom are less than four years old. The amount collected for educational purposes aside from the State appropriation, for the year 1848, was \$764,948, being \$100,000 more than paid any previous year.**

THE CHURCH MILITANT.—The great question between the northern and southern branches of the Methodist church, is to come up for trial in New York this month. Messrs. Webster and Cheate are engaged as counsel—the former for the south, and the latter for the north.

—**The Cincinnati Organ and Messenger** says, that a member of a Division of the Sons of Temperance of that city, was recently expelled for marrying his mother-in-law.

—**Pens made out of bones** are now in use in England, and sell at the rate of fifty for twenty-five cents. They are pronounced to be flexible as a quill, and far more durable.

The Medical Department of the New York University at its late commencement, commissioned 147 Doctors.

Receipts.

Newton Whimsey, New Haven, \$1

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

Poetry.

For the A. S. Bugle.

THE SLAVE.

BY M. A. M.

The last faint streak was dying,
Of day upon the hill,
And zephyrs soft were sighing,
Responsive to the till
That joyously meandered
Around a leafy grove,
Where dark-eyed Celia wandered,
To mourn her absent love.

O God! hast thou forsaken?
The widowed wife forgot?
Can Celia's prayers not waken
Compassion for her lot?
To heartless man, entreaty
Is vain; he needs not prayer,
His breast is dead to pity,
He mocketh at despair.

His ruthless hands may never
The lover from his bride,
But wedded hearts he never,
No never, can divide!
O God! thou knowest the sorrow
This bleeding heart that wrings,
How each succeeding morrow
But sighs and suffering brings,
How every pulse is thrilling
With utter wretchedness.
Oh! why was human feeling
Implanted in my breast?
Why, why within this bosom,
Which should be icy cold,
Did Love's unfading blossom
Its petals o'er unfold?

Ah! why that joys elysian
Dreamed I would gild my way?
I might have known the vision
Would quickly pass away.
I might have known the cruel
Sin-haunted heart of man,
Too soon the priceless jewel
Would wane from out my hand.

From the London Weekly Times.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft lipsings win me;
Till tears start to mine eyes;
Deep from my soul it springs,
Like hidden melody,
And ever more it singeth—
This song of songs to me—
"This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

If faith and loving kindness
Passed coin 'twixt heart and heart,
Old Bigotry's dark blindness
And malice would depart.
If men were more forgiving,
Were kind words oft her spoken,
Instead of scorn so grieving,
There would be few heart-broken.
When plenty's round us smiling,
Why wakes this cry for bread?
Why are crush'd millions toiling,
Goaded—clothed in rags—united?

The sunny hills and valleys
Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
But the lordling in the palace
Still robs his fellow men.
O God! what hosts are tramped
Amid this press for gold,
What noble hearts are sapped of life,
What spirits lose their hold!
And yet upon this God-blessed earth
There's room for every one;
Ungrateful food still ripens,
To waste, not in the sun:
For the world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!

Let the law of bloodshed perish,
War, gore and glory, splendor—
And men will learn to cherish
Feelings more kind and tender.
We're true unto each other,
We'd vanquish Hate and Crime,
And clasp the hand of a brother,
In any land or clime!
If gods were not an idol:

Were mind and merit worth,
Oh, there would be a bridal
Betwixt high heaven and earth!

We're true unto each other,
Angels might talk with men,
And God-illustrious earth should see
The golden age again.

For the leaf-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the soil—
The birds that hymn their raptures
Into the ear of God—
And the sweet wind that bringeth
The music of the sea,

Have such a voice that singeth
This song of songs to me—
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;

And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.

A Good Example.—Several machinists at Pittsburgh, lately refused to fill an order for the apparatus of a new distillery, alleging that they would not be instrumental in the manufacture of ardent spirits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Harmans.

BY ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

Is it not a delightful evening? We will go down the hill by the old school-house—but we shall not meet any merry groups of the scholars, for it is the harvest holy-days—then turn at the mill, and pass Robert Harman's pretty farm-house. If you look over the hill, you can see the top of one of its chimneys peeping out from among the trees, now—there—where that smoke-curl is rising.

The wood sweeps in a curve round the foot of the hill before we reach it; but you will not be fatigued, for when we descend a few steps further we shall quite loose the warm sunshine. How beautiful it looks on the top of that old wood—and here on this hill slope, the long tree-shadows are drawn so distinctly!

When we pass this clump of oaks, we shall come within sight of the open fields and meadows. Do you see your clover-field? It is quite purple with blossoms, and the first breeze that comes this way will be laden with perfume; there is mingled with it a scent of fresh hay, too—former Harman cannot yet have finished carrying in his first crop. Ah! there he is, with his "hands" all busily employed around him; the wagon has just been brought out, and they are about to commence loading. I intend you shall be acquainted with Robert Harman: he is one of the finest specimens of our western country farmer—the most useful man in the neighborhood, and respected by all about him. He was elected to a seat in the state legislature, a couple of years since, and there is considerable talk of his being held up for senator at the next election.

Hi! there goes Rolls, scampering across the field, to look out his crony, little George Harman. Many a joyous frolic have they had together, while I have looked on and wondered which of the two was most delighted—the boy or the dog. There is Ned, too, staggering under the weight of a fork-load of hay, which he fancies he can deposit on the wagon. There it comes! down in a thick shower about his head, almost smothering him: he is fairly covered with it. I wish you could see his face now, as he turns to romp with Rolls. I can almost see the flash of his black eyes from here! He is one of the wildest young rogues in the neighborhood, and almost as big as his brother Robert, who is two years older. Bob is most like his mother, both in looks and character—quieter and more delicate. Yet gentle and timid as you would take him to be, there are few men more inflexible or more courageous on any point of duty or principle; the Indian's torture would scarcely make him flinch.

Here is the house: you cannot more than catch an occasional glimpse of the stone walls, it is so thickly covered with vines. That multitudes rose almost covers the end of the long planks—and the beautiful coral, and the scented monthly honeysuckle, creep in twisted luxuriance up its pillars. Then there are the sweet clematis, and the passion-vine, and the jessamine, scattered about on frames; but the two last are not yet in bloom. Then there are the Washington-bower, and the gloria, with its profusion of blue flowers, climbing up the sides of the house, and almost covering even the chimney. Those trees, almost bending beneath the multitude of their blossoms, are the scented acacia; that which is loaded with red flowers, on the other side of the house, is a horse-chestnut—and this is covered with white waxen-like flowers is the philadelphus. Then do but look what a quantity of roses! white and red, of all shades—from the delicate pink of the white bramble, to the deep crimson of the small burgundy, or still deeper colored velvet rose. Some of them almost look in at the windows of the pretty little parlor; and if you would look in there too, you would see a plain room, to be sure, but the most perfect neatness, and a large book-case filled with well selected books. You would know that by the very binding—and the last numbers of several periodicals, lying on the table. There is a piano, too—and some good engravings and pictures in water-colors hanging about the wall.

There is Mary Harman herself!—spreading the supper-table, under that great tree. She is a pretty woman, and she is what is a great deal better—very amiable, and an excellent wife and mother. Let us walk on a little further, to a seat which I will find for you on the banks of the creek, and I will tell you something of her history.

You recollect the large house situated on the left of Col. Carlton's plantation, in Virginia? That, with the farm attached to it, was formerly the property of Robert Harman. It was a much handsomer place then, than it is now; for the trees have been cut down from about it, and the shrubbery has been sadly neglected of late years.

Well, I will tell you of a conversation that took place between Robert and his wife, on the green lawn in front of that very house.—Little Bob, the oldest boy, was just one year old at that time, and his father had given the slaves a holy-day, because it was his birth-day.

"How happy their black faces looked!" said Robert, as they left the lawn, after having received a trifling present from their mistress. Mary turned her face towards her husband; but there was a shade of sadness mingled with the tenderness of its expression.

"Now, now," continued he, laughing, "I know all you are going to say about happiness being incompatible with slavery—but I am sure they are better off than if they were free, you are so kind to them!"

"They are slaves, nevertheless!" said she,

"and though they may seem gay and mirthful—even contented—their light-heartedness is only the absence of immediate care, not the indwelling sense of a deep happiness.—How can they know the felicity of bliss which I feel when hanging on your arm, or pressing my lips upon the fair forehead of my babe, in the consciousness, that no hand, save that of our God, hath the power to separate us! What do they know of the delight of studying the beauties of the material or the intellectual world? You say truly, that your plough-horses know scarcely less of the harassing cares of life than they! but is the mere absence of care sufficient for the happiness of a rational being? Would you, dear Robert, purchase a dull forgetfulness of evil, at the expense of the high nature of your intellectual being, sensitive as it is to pain, as well as gladness? I know you

would not! Yet, poor as it is, even that much of bliss is denied to the slave—for, do-based as his nature may be, he is still a man—and he can think! We imagine they rush exultingly to the dance, when it may be only to drown the bitterness of their dark forebodings. I wish you had sometimes watched their dark countenances, as I have done, when you have carelessly spoken of liberty! and then the sin—oh! Robert, surely there must be deep sin in making merchandise thus of our brethren—deserving them severer than the clouds they till—they whom God hath created in his own image!"

"But what can I do, dear Mary? I will acknowledge that I do not think the system of slavery is right; but you know that I received most of them from my father, with the plantation. The estate is already mortgaged for more than half its value, and if I free the slaves, which form the most valuable part of my property, I shall probably have to dispose of it altogether. For myself, I should care but little, for I am already almost wearied of this life of inaction; but I could not become a tiler of the earth here—where we have hatched with the proudest—for your sake, I could not! Could I bear to see eyes look coldly on you, that have been accustomed to gaze only in admiration and respect? Can I drag you down from the station in which I found you in your part of a house, and plunge you in comparative poverty?"—Would not our boy, too, in route to brand me? I wish from the bottom of my soul, I wish that the system of slavery was abolished altogether—it is a national iniquity—a shameful blot upon our boasted constitution—but for an individual to attempt its extinction were folly!"

Mary raised her eyes—they were suffused with tears. "Dear as I love you, Robert, dearly as my own life, I would rather hold you, even day by day, winning an uncertain subsistence by your own exertions, than to share with you in this guilty luxury and splendor—for guilty that must be, which is purchased with wrong to another. Do not think of me, do not fear for me—the loss of wealth would not render me unhappy—oh no! the thought of wealth like that comes with a deadly sickness upon the heart, a sensation of utter helplessness! even poverty, abject poverty, would be preferable to such splendor; but that will not be consequent on the emancipation of your slaves; it is but somewhat to circumscribe our wishes, and we shall still be independent. We must both be more actively employed, it is true—but it will be better than living in idleness on the labor of others. Then how many temptations will you not escape from! From how many evils will this boy be preserved! for what is there so likely to harden the heart, and to nourish up all its evil passions, as the possession of absolute power?"

"Well, Mary," said her husband, "my slaves will be free—but then we must leave here; and I have no other property than these western lands—will you go there?"

"Oh how willingly!" exclaimed she; and her husband then saw the deep tenderness of her countenance. She had caught her hand to her lips, when he spoke the word "free," and he felt her hot tears raining upon it; but she did not speak nor lift her face till he had concluded.

"Remember, love, you must leave these vine that you have nourished up into tenderness, and the bower beneath which we sat together so often, and all the pleasant remembered places where we have passed our happy bridal days; and the comforts that you have enjoyed so long, and all the familiar faces that we have known, and the friends too, that we have loved—and go out into a place unknown to us, and a comparative wilderness—will you go, dear Mary?"

Her face was still wet with that passion of grateful tears, but it was now serene and smiling. "I will!"

"And can you leave the home of your childhood, and your father, and your mother, and your brothers, and the sister who has grown up by your side, and been to you like another self, almost for so many years?"

Mary's face grew very white, and there was a deep, but momentary struggle; she was firm in the unfeeling sense of her duty, her woman's spirit grew strong within her, and she answered calmly and steadily—"I will go!"

And they came.

Great Destruction Railroad and Drunkard's Transportation Co.

Via Ciderville, Porterville, Beerton, Winona, Brandenburg, Rumopolis, Whiskey City, &c. &c.—New arrangement—commencing first of January, 1849.

Various efforts, during the year 1848, to induce the Legislature to repeal the Charter of this well-known Company, having signally failed, the Directors have the pleasure of assuring their numerous friends and patrons, that this Road to Ruin is now in a more prosperous condition than ever. Within the last three months it has carried more than three hundred thousand passengers, who have gone all the way "through," from the town of Temperance to the city of Destruction, while the number of "way" passengers who have been accommodated with very convenient "lifts," has been almost incredible. An enormous amount of freight, such as workmen's tools, household furniture, &c., has also gone forward, and from these and other sources of revenue the receipts of the year have been so large, that the Directors have resolved to declare a dividend of at least five hundred per cent.

Meanwhile immense expenditures have been made in various parts of the road to render it a favorite with the traveling public. Many of the grades have been altered, and so reduced that only a practiced eye can discern the difference between them and a dead level. Much of the track that was worn away has been relaid with Messrs Satanas & Co.'s patent rail. Convenient Depots have been established at different parts of the route, for the better accommodation of passengers who may be waiting the arrival of the Trains. The Switches have been particularly guarded, and numerous Turnouts have been made to avoid collision with the Total Abstinence En-

gine and the Temperance Trains, which have lately occasioned so much uneasiness. In short, we have spared no exertion or expense to make it superior to any other Road to Ruin that has thus far been established.

It further gives us pleasure to say that equal attention has been given to the improvement of the Engines and the Cars. The old favorite locomotive Alcohol has been thoroughly repaired, and in the experienced hands of Mr. Belial (the foreman of Satanas & Co.) we are satisfied that it will outrun in speed anything on the road. To fall in with the spirit of the times, the Whiskey, Rum, and Brandy Cars for forward passengers have been greatly enlarged, and the fare reduced to half-price. The new Cedar Car has been put on within a few months and is already begun to excite great attention, and we are happy to say has been found to run as well on the track as any other. But the Wine Cars especially are models of luxurious conveyance, as even ladies and children can travel in them ostentatiously without being aware that they are traveling at all. Passengers, however, who prefer the Beer Car, &c., can readily be accommodated on showing their tickets to Mr. Mix our polite and gentlemanly Conductor, who has been so long and favorably known as the keeper of "Drinker's Hotel," City of Destruction.

REGULATIONS.

The Down train will leave Ciderville at 6 A. M.: Porterville, 7 A. M.; Beerton, 8 A. M.; Wineville, 9 A. M.; Brandenburg, 10 A. M.; Rumopolis, 11 A. M.; Whiskey City, 12 M.

At 1 P. M. this train will intersect at the town of Moderation, the various accommodation trains from Little Drop, Medicinerville, Old Pledge, Fashington, Customville, &c., after which the speed of the train will be greatly accelerated, stopping, however, to land passengers at Poorhouseville, Hospital town, Prisonburgh, and various other places on the road.

On SUNDAYS.—Cars will be in readiness for the accommodation of passengers at the above hours until further notice.

N. B.—All baggage at the risk of the owner, and widows and orphans are particularly requested not to inquire after persons and property at Ruin Depot, as in no case do the Directors hold themselves liable for accident to passengers.

WILLIAM WHOLESALE, Pres't.

ROBERT RETAIL, Vice-Pres't.

[Religious Recorder.]

THE MAHOMMEDAN COMMANDMENTS.

There are six commandments in the Mahomedan religion, viz: 1st, There is no deity but God; 2nd, There is no prophet but Mahomed; he is God's apostle; 3d, To fast during Ramadhan every day; 4th, To pray and practice ablutions five times a day; 5th, To apply two and a half per cent, of their property to the poor; 6th, To make a pilgrimage to Mecca and Mount Ararat. This religion is so general that it has nearly one-fifth of the population of the globe as its followers. Its most important duties are prayer, alms-giving, fasting, and pilgrimage. The hours of prayer are five: 1st at sunset; 2nd, when the evening has closed, and it is quite dark; 3rd, at day-break, on the faint appearance of light in the East; 4th, at noon; 5th, about mid-time, between noon and nightfall.—Medical Times.

PIOUS FIGHTING.—"At the battle of Gainesborough, Cromwell told his men in a general order, 'trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry.' On the eve of the battle of Naschy, he issued another order to his infantry, saying, 'Call upon the Lord and trust in your pikes.' Before the battle of Dunbar, he said, 'Seek the Lord and look to your fists.' Before the battle of Worcester, he said, 'The prayers of the godly to scatter the wicked are heard by the Lord. Then trust in the Lord, take good aim, and strike hard."

STOP AWHILE.—There is a bush abundant in South Africa, significantly named "Stop awhile." Its branches are full of thorns, exactly the shape of a fishing hook, so that if they catch hold of your clothes as you pass, you must stop awhile, sometimes a long while before you get clear of them. In clearing down from about it, another is caught, and without the cautious assistance of a second person there is no escaping from its hold, but by main force and loosing part of your dress.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Post Master General COLLARD has published a card in reference to postage rules. He says that hereafter, when a letter exceeds an ounce in weight, but does not exceed two ounces, it will be rated with four charges of single postage; when it exceeds two ounces, but does not exceed three, it will be rated with six charges of single postage for the first half ounce, a double charge for the first ounce, and two additional charges for each succeeding ounce, or fraction of an ounce, beyond the first ounce. This is ordered in virtue of the provisions of an act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1849.

Transient newspapers, that is, papers not sent from the office of publication, will hereafter be subject, in virtue of the act aforesaid, to the general newspaper postage rate only; that is, one cent for any distance in the same State and one and a half cents for any distance exceeding one hundred miles, where the newspaper is sent from one State into another. But postage on such newspapers is in all cases to be prepaid, as heretofore.

The postage to be collected from unpaid British letters is in all cases to be, whatever may be their credit or debit figures, twenty-four cents when single,

with an additional twenty-four cents for each additional rate and, after the first ounce, each letter exceeding that weight is to be charged forty-eight cents, for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce.

SANTA ANNA.—The Mexican Congress has passed the following resolutions respecting the distinguished expatriated General:

1. General D. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna shall inform the Supreme Government, when he may judge it convenient, of the time when he intends to return to the Republic, and the point at which he will embark.

2. The Government shall impart to Congress whatever information may be received, in order that proper measures may be taken for the preservation of order and tranquility.

3. Should General Santa Anna return to the Republic, it is necessary that he should previously express his determination to do so, and be furnished with a copy of these resolutions.

4. The Government shall take especial care to bring this decree to the knowledge of General Santa Anna.

A Long Speaking Trumpet.—Whitflaw, a civil engineer, at London, has just made a Guita Perche Speaking Trumpet,